BREEZY AND BEAUTIFUL FROM COVER TO COVER.

Tales of Broadway.—The Red Soubrette.—Gin Fizzes and Things.

10cts Clara Betz, Broadway's Sensation 10cts

OCTOBER, 1898

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

No. 7 Vol. II

MISS LOLA HAWTHORNE. MISS LILY HAWTHORNE.

THE HAWTHORNE SISTERS, WHO WILL APPEAR AT KOSTER & BIAL'S MUSIC HALL THIS MONTH.

These young girls recently returned from England and the Continent, where they made the biggest hit attained in years by American artists. And all this without the aid of a single scandal.

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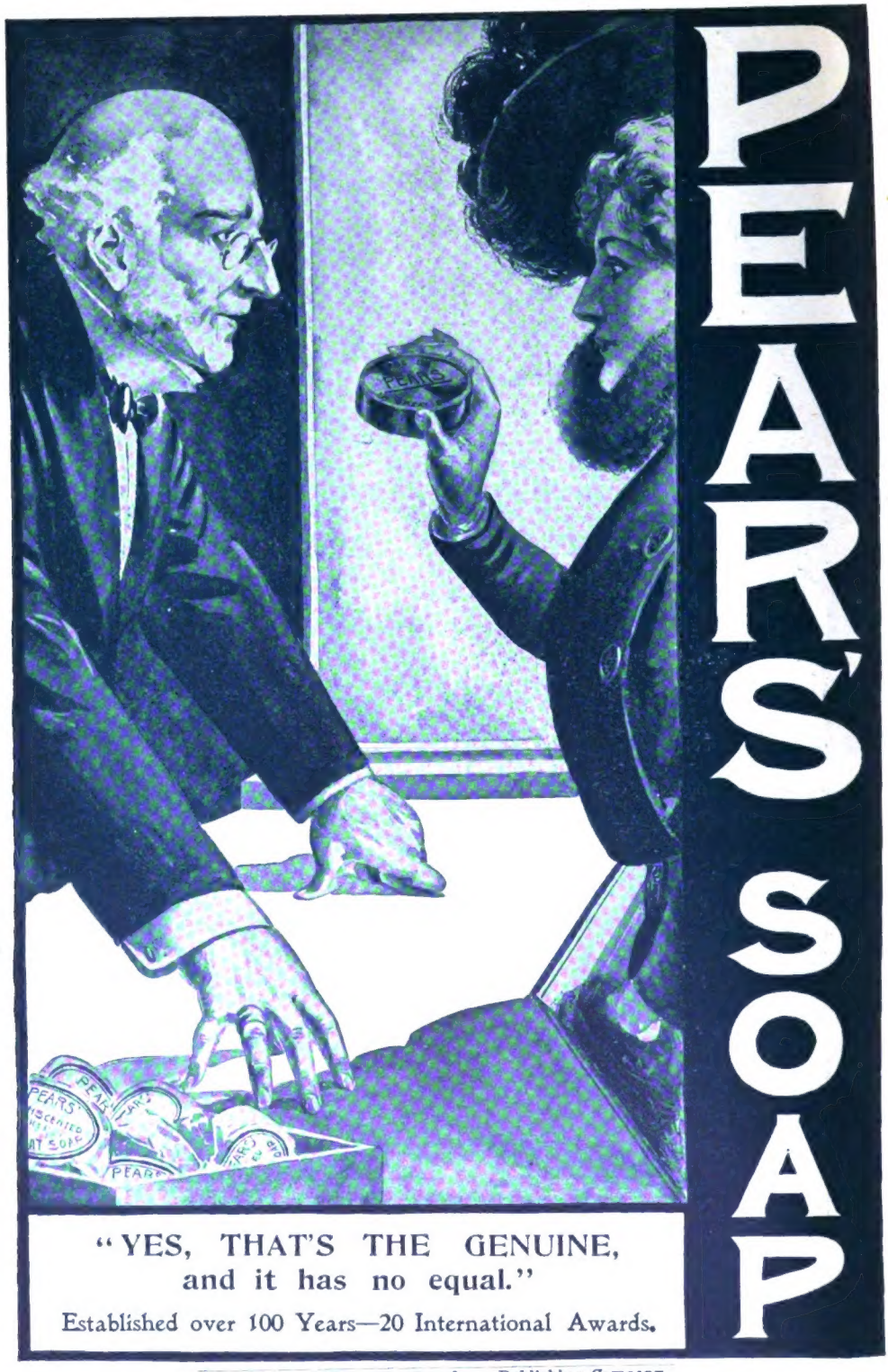

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From Flashlight Photo by Joseph Byron.

MISS ALICE JUDSON AS KATRINKA IN "THE CHARLATAN," THE NEW OPERA PRODUCED AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, NEW YORK.

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(From a Photograph Taken in Harrison's Studio, Chicago.)

MISS MAUDE KING.

One of the fair but not frail divinities that lend a gladsome air to Mr. Samuel T. Jack's Temple of Candid Art on Broadway.

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From Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

MISS LOLA HAWTHORNE, THE BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN SINGER.

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Photograph by Stebbing, Paris.

ANNIE FLEURON, A FRENCH BURLESQUER WHOSE PHYSICAL CHARMS ARE BEING WIDELY PHOTOGRAPHED BY PARISIAN CAMERA OWNERS.

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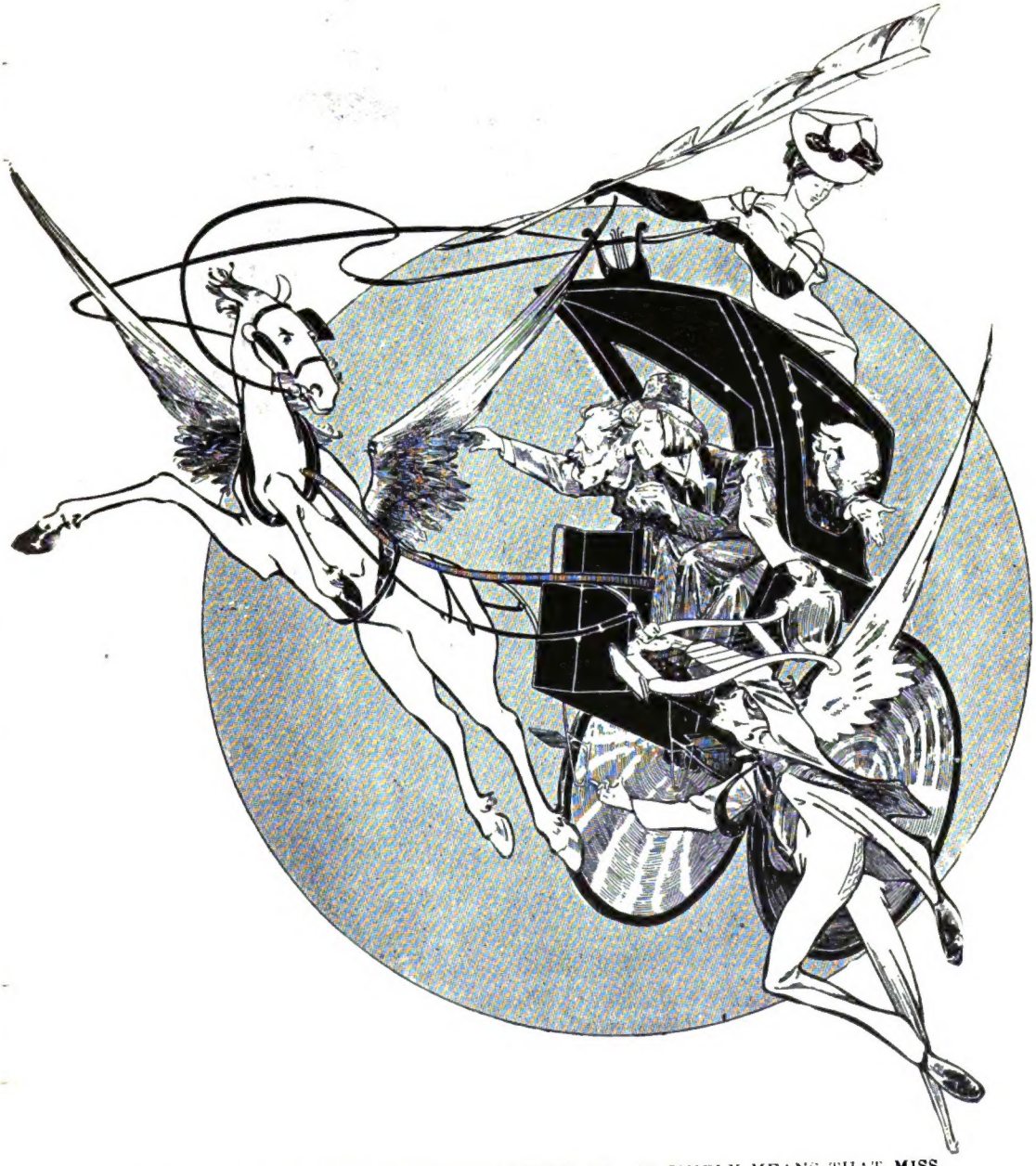

OH, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG IN PARTICULAR. IT SIMPLY MEANS THAT MISS BROADWAY IS BACK IN TOWN.

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Photograph by Ogerau, Paris.

ALICE VERLET, WHO HAS SET A NEW STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR AMONG FRENCHWOMEN.

Mdlle. Verlet is only a pretty hairdresser's assistant in one of the big Paris shops, but she has acquired a certain fame and considerable ready cash by inventing the Verlet coiffure.

NO TROUBLE FOR HIM.

"Blykins has his own way in his house."

"Yes. But his wife always tells him what it is going to be beforehand."

DESCRIBED FOR YOU GRATIS.

A jury—A body of men organized for the purpose of deciding which side has the smartest lawyer.

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Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

MDLLE. PARMIER, A PRETTY PARISIENNE, WHO RECEIVES MORE FLOWERS THAN ANY OTHER WOMAN IN PARIS.

She is a newcomer to the stage and her acting in a farce has won the hearts of the boulevardiers.

SOMETIMES.

"What do they call the microbes that breed diseases, John?"

"Germs, sir."

"Correct—and what do they call the people who know how to handle germs in a scientific way?"

"Germans."

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The One on the Floor—Say, you up there; was I right in that argument this morning about poker? Give in or something'll drop.

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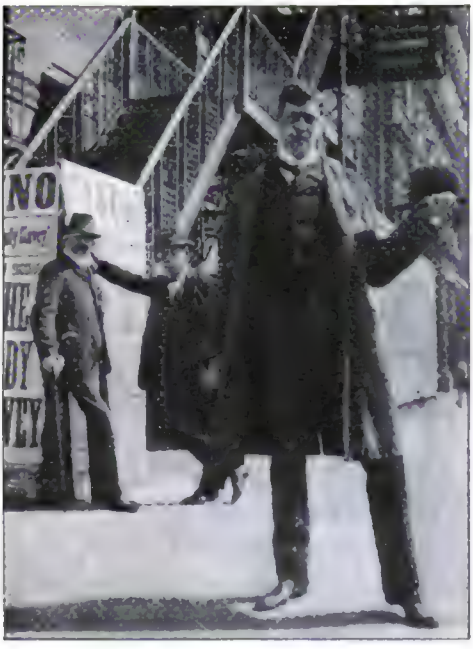
1. Jeff De Angelis defying a cab-driver.

2. Dave Warfield telling a story about the laughs he has raised.



3. Gus Ott trying to look like a cigar store Indian.

4. Jerry Sykes looking for Amelia Summerville's formula.

FOUR BROADWAY SNAPSHOTS

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Photo by Falk, N. Y.

MISS CLARA BETZ IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE AT THE CASINO.

See opening article, "Broadway's Newest Sensation.

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THE Broadway Magazine

Vol. II. OCTOBER, 1898. No. 1.

BROADWAY'S NEWEST SENSATION.

BY ONE WHO HAS SEEN IT.

THERE is nothing particularly new or novel in the idea that has for its basic principle the exploitation of the human form divine. There are artists who are willing to swear that the most beautiful thing on earth is the statue of Venus de Milo. There are others who see the finest beauty in the color of a leaf or the plash of a mountain brook or the stripes in a bathing suit. There are still others who see absolute perfection of form, grace of gesture and an atmosphere of indefinable, but none the less unmistakable atmosphere of art about the bland and frank personality of Miss Clara Betz.

I admit frankly that I am not one of these.

Miss Betz is a shapely young woman who for the past few years has been a familiar figure in New York studios. She is rather tall and plump and without any of that aesthetic air belonging to invalids and pink teas. Miss Betz conceived the idea of going upon the stage. She did not know exactly how she was to accomplish this, but she was willing to try. An artist for whom she was posing one day in the stockinet of the studio suggested that she make her debut before the footlights in the character of a professional poseur. Nothing loth, Miss Betz made the suggestion to Messrs. Lederer and McClellan, of the Casino; they liked the idea. The necessary arrangements were made, and one night Miss Betz made her appearance.

Then the town gasped.

And I, as an infinitesimal part of the town, am not surprised.

Miss Betz, with a beautiful faith

Photo by Falk, N. Y.

MISS BETZ WHEN SHE IS HAPPIEST.

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in that touching maxim which tells us that to the pure everything is pure, poses in the studio scene of "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Miss Betz dominates that scene as thoroughly as Sally Hargous used to dominate the beach at Narragansett Pier every time she went in bathing, only in the case of Miss Hargous there were no revelations one might not expect of a woman of absolute refinement. This does not mean that Miss Betz is not refined It does mean, however, that she goes the limit on physical display of the most vivid character.

Miss Betz takes her place on an elevation several feet above the level of the stage, thus serving to throw out in boldest relief all the points of beauty which the lady desires to impress upon an eager world. The lights are turned on, the curtain is drawn aside, and the audience is expected to look on without showing signs of undue excitement.

The night I saw her there were not, to my knowledge, any cases of apoplexy, although several young men with high collars and bulging eyes seemed to be upon the verge of nervous prostration.

I have since been told by the management that this nightly exhibition is the very personification of all that is beautiful, lasting and instructive in art. I am glad that this explanation was made to me, as I had already formed uncertain opinions for myself. And I have been through seasons of living pictures by Hammerstein, productions of "Orange Blossoms" by Doris, and even carry with me a vivid and lasting recollection of Sibyl Johnstone as Iza in that chaste dramatic effort, "The Clemenceau Case." So far as fidelity to nature is concerned, however, all these things were but the merest kindergarten gambols as compared with the poses of Miss Betz.

It may be interesting to know that the pictures which accompany this erudite and scholarly critique, have been fixed up by our artist to meet the exigencies of the law and good taste. Even the diaphanous folds which appear in these pictures are disdained by the artless Miss Clara Betz.

Photo by Falk, N. Y.
MISS BETZ ARGUING WITH HERSELF.

OH, THEY ARE, THEY ARE.

"Before marriage a wife is a charming fancy, but after marriage she is a solemn fact."

"Yes; facts are stubborn things."

THE PRINCIPAL THING.

Suitor—I fear it is a great presumption on my part, sir, to aspire to your daughter's hand, as I only keep a store.

Her Father—That does not matter, young man; the question is, does the store keep you?

OBSERVANT.

Her Adorer—May I marry your daughter, sir?

Her Father—What do you want to marry for? You don't know when your are well off.

Her Adorer—No, perhaps not; but I know when you are!

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Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

MISS YOLANDE WALLACE.

Who Has Been Lending the Charm of Her Fulsome Art to "The French Maid" at the Herald Square Theatre, New York.

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE

ISSUED ON THE FIRST DAY OF EACH MONTH.

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RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Entered at New York Post-Office as second-class matter.

Vol. II. October, 1898. No. 1.

You know, there isn't the slightest excuse in the world for our inflicting you with an editorial page.

But the Century and Harper's and the Ladies' Home Journal, and the Nice Young Girl's Fireside Friend whisper sweet bits of sympathetic advice and admonition into the ears of their readers every month; so there is no reason why we shouldn't.

If you don't like it, you have the satisfaction of knowing that we don't care a rap whether you do or not.

* * *

Of course, we must say something about our circulation. If we were built like other publishers, we would tell you that we have gone up 33,133 copies in forty minutes by the clock; that old men in Scoharie County, N. Y., give up their New York Tribunes to delve in the delights of the Broadway Magazine; that little children refuse to take Mellin's food until their nurses read the Red Soubrette's chaste thoughts; that the whole town gets into a heated frame of mind in torrid expectancy just before each issue comes out; that the circulation of the Arena, North American Review and Our Animal Friends has fallen off sixty-two per cent. since the Broadway showed its modest head; and that, finally, nothing ever really happened until we came on earth.

But we refrain. We simply state that the Broadway Magazine is a good, strong, solid success. Publishers have always claimed that a ten-cent magazine could never be made to go until it had lost $100,000 for its promoters.

We haven't lost thirty cents on the Broadway Magazine. It paid from its second issue. It has paid better with every issue since. We have not tried to give the biggest magazine or the largest wad of advertising pages. We have endeavored to make money on the Broadway Magazine, and still give the people what they were willing to pay for. This we have done. And now, with our modest but creditable and growing circulation of 60,000 copies, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done this without running into debt, without acrimony or ill-will, and without harming any other publisher. The Broadway Magazine is unique, and it will be kept so.

Look out for future issues. We don't intend to stop where we are.

* * *

Just a word to advertisers. We thank those that have patronized our pages. With yearning eyes we glance towards those that haven't come with us. We want them. We want them badly. But not so badly that we are willing to mortgage our success, our property, in other words, our circulation, in a vain effort to get them. Other publishers have lost their all in the endeavor to get advertising that the advertisers wouldn't give them. Other publishers have gone on the principle that all their money must be made out of the advertiser—that the advertiser must pay the printer and paper men and engravers and salaries and all the other expenses incurred in getting out a big edition of an expensive magazine.

We desire to state frankly that this is not the course we have decided to pursue. We don't intend to go to the poorhouse in an uncertain chase after the advertiser's elusive dollar. We will give him honest value for every dollar he spends with us. We will make him feel that we are not obliged to charge him an enormous price in order to make our ends meet.

It will be VALUE FOR VALUE.

This is not a defi. It is a plain statement of facts.

Can you use our 60,000 circulation at the right price? If so, write us. If not, no harm's done.

* * *

The war is over. We're heartily glad of it. We have licked the scurvy Spanish and have shown that we will not stand nonsense from any quarter.

To the brave American regular and volunteer we take off our hats. We think they're great; so great, in fact, that we want to show our appreciation in a tangible way. Just to make good, for the next thirty days we will send the Broadway Magazine to any regular or volunteer for a full year at half price—fifty cents.

Other publishers have made an offer to send their publications at half-price, but they have been high-priced periodicals and their

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Photograph by Glines, Boston, Mass.

MISS CATHERINE LINYARD IN "AROUND THE TOWN."

The piece which made Boston believe it was almost as devilish and grownup as New York.

owners could afford to do so, and still make something.

If you think we are trying to make money out of our American soldiers, just ask any other publisher if there is money in making twelve magazines like the Broadway and retailing them for fifty cents.

ABSOLUTELY: This offer is open only to American soldiers, volunteer and regular. And for thirty days only.

* * *

Perhaps from time to time we'll have something on this page worth reading. Glance it over, anyway. We don't promise to be dignified or dull or prosaic and conventional. In fact, we don't promise to be anything at all.

We have certain well-defined ideas regarding the running of a magazine—especially this magazine. These ideas we shall work out as we see fit, and with the hope that they will meet your approbation.

But we'll follow them out, anyway.

* * *

By the way. It will pay

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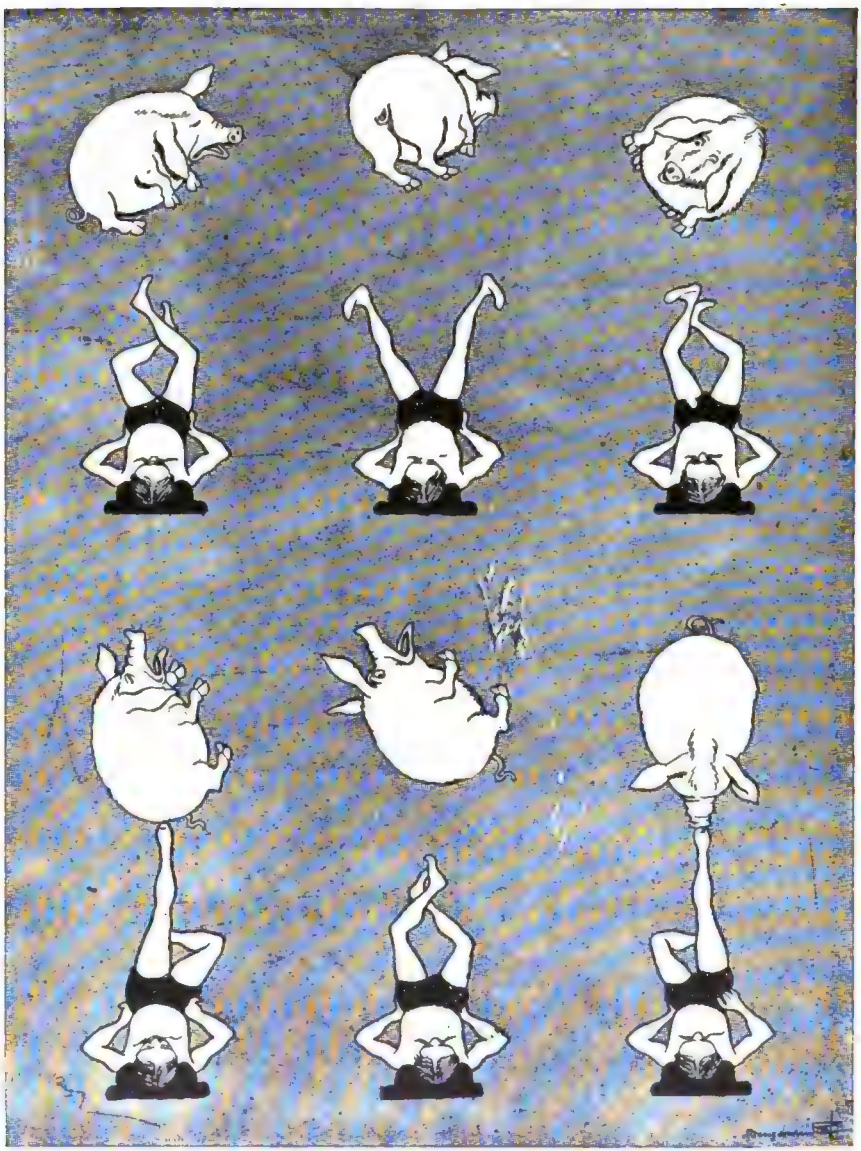

QUOTATION FROM THE CHICAGO PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

"Pork opened feverishly, with a tendency towards a drop. After considerable manipulation, however, it closed firm and steady."

you to read our bound volume announcement in the latter part of this number. Our binder informs us that there are only a few copies left and in two months they will surely be selling at a premium.

The way the first issue of the Broadway sold tells you that. You can't buy a single copy for less than twenty-five cents—two and a-half times the regular price.

* * *

If you don't like us, write and say so. If you do, write. We want to get up a symposium of the opinions regarding the Broadway Magazine. And those who hurt our feelings will get just as much space as those who pat us on the back.

Make your letters short, and tell us why you like or dislike us.

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Photo by Bushnell, San Francisco.

MISS JENNIE HAWLEY, ONE OF THE PRETTY SINGERS IN THE ALICE NIELSON OPERA COMPANY.

Miss Hawley is really a remarkably handsome girl. Her voice, however, is her fortune, sir, she said. If Miss Hawley would only condescend to sing in our office after lunch each day we will guarantee her an absorbed and dignified attention.

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© by Park, N. Y.

MISS BOOTH IMAGINES SHE HEARS SOMEONE CUTTING DOWN HER SALARY.

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Photo by Falk, N. Y.
MISS BOOTH CONSIDERS THIS DRESSED UP VERY MUCH.

Photo by Kern Bros., N. Y.
MISS BOOTH IN BALLROOM ATTIRE.

HOPE BOOTH, A CANDID YOUNG WOMAN.

This is the Hope Booth who went over to London and appeared in "Little Miss Cute." She returned to America last season, and since then has been giving at the continuous houses performances which, for candor and frank physical display, have seldom been duplicated on the stage. Miss Booth is a plump and teasing young person and as yet no round robin has been circulated with a view to having her appear hereafter draped in a buffalo robe. Miss Booth is over seven and under twenty-five.

Photo by Falk, N. Y.
MISS BOOTH AS THE AIRY, FAIRY STROLLER OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

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TALES OF BROADWAY.

No. VII.

WHY HELEN VAN BUSKIRK WENT ON THE STAGE.

By GORDON PALMER.

As she entered the offices of the theatrical firm of Partridge & Collier, everybody looked at her with ill-concealed interest, not unmixed with admiration. Even the snub-nosed office-boy forgot to be impudent, and the typewriter stopped chewing gum as she glanced over the railing at the newcomer.

She was undoubtedly well bred and not used to Broadway. That was as plain as the lustre of her fine black hair and the beautiful snowiness of her strong teeth as she smiled at the astonished boy when she handed him a card.

"Please give this to the manager of the choir department," she said in a liquid voice that went clear through the smug-faced man with the serious expression in one of the visitor's chairs, who looked as if he might have been waiting for a place in some Shakesperian company. Then he straightened up, gazed hard at the lissome form and rich coloring of her features, and remarked to a smooth-faced youth in the next chair: "By me buskin, lad, the girl would make a fine Parthenia." To which the smooth-faced young man made no reply, looked wise, and wondered whether Charles Hoyt or Frank Harvey had written Parthenia.

The office boy took the card, passed through a door marked private, and went up to a desk where a good-looking young fellow was sitting. He was Frank Collier, the junior member of the firm, who attended to business while his partner played the races.

"A lady out there wants to see the manager of the choir department, and here's her card," and he threw down the piece of pasteboard, which had already assumed a color nearly matching his own grimy hands.

Frank Collier smiled as he looked at the card and read "Miss Van Buskirk," under which, in a feminine hand, was written, "Binghamton, N. Y."

"'Manager of choir department,' I suppose she's having fun with you, kid." Then he smiled again. "But show her in."

In a moment he heard a frou-frou of skirts, sniffed the subtle fragrance of violet, and knew that an unusual someone had entered.

He looked up, and mentally vowed he had never seen anything so nice and fresh and altogether un-New Yorky since he had left his own home up the State.

What could she want in the office of Partridge & Collier, the most extensive purveyors of chorus girls and ballerinas in the United States?

With a pretty little bow as he placed a chair for her, she volunteered: "I saw your firm's name in the city directory as musical agents, and I have come to get a position."

"Have you ever had any experience?" he asked dropping into the conventional catechism.

"Well," she began diffidently, "I have sung for nearly a year in a church in Binghamton, but as

"Then you get engagements for professionals and actresses!"

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the pay was so small I thought I'd come to New York and see how much better I could do." Then as she saw the smile of amusement that played around his mouth, she flushed slightly, and the least possible shadow of displeasure appeared in her eyes. He noticed it.

"Forgive me," he said, earnestly. Frank Collier had not allowed five years of contact with New York theatricals to dull his finer perceptions. "I did not mean to wound you. As a matter of fact, Miss Van Buskirk, the laugh is rather on me, for I supposed you were joking when the boy brought in word that you wanted to see the manager of our choir department."

"But you are musical agents, aren't you?" she asked, just the faint suspicion that she had placed herself in a ridiculous light dawning upon her.

"Yes, we are musical agents," he answered kindly, "but not the sort you want. We furnish singers and banjoists for music halls and clubs and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Oh," came from her pretty mouth in a sort of half-suppressed gasp. "Then you get engagements for stage singers and—actresses—" the last word coming as if a great and unpleasant truth had been forced upon her.

"Yes, that's it; stage singers and—actresses," said the agent, with the same inflection she had used. Then he asked: "You are, I should judge, Miss Van Buskirk, a stranger in the city?"

For answer she inclined her head, and he could see that her eyes took on a troubled look.

"I am sorry," he went on, "that we can do nothing for you. In fact, I don't even give you encouragement, as I understand that the choir lists are quite as full as our own. What is your reportoire?"

She seemed to be thankful for his interest.

"Of course," she answered, "I can sing ballads like 'Jamie,' although my church work has necessarily made me more proficient in sacred music. The Binghamton Star said that my singing of 'Ave Maria showed me at my best." Then she remembered that he had smiled at her before. "I suppose you'll think this all very silly when I go," she went on with a little deprecatory gesture.

"Not at all," he assured her, "although I'll admit that there is a strange sound about 'Ave Maria' and 'Jamie' in an atmosphere that breathes only 'Mamie Reilly' and 'Rosie O'Grady.' Now, Miss Van Buskirk, if you'll leave me your address I'll keep it, and it's barely possible that later on we may do something for you."

"She had a style all her own—a cleverness certainly not a product of Binghamton."

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"Then you expect to add a choir department?" she asked.

"Oh, dear, no. But sometimes we may have a nice little part that a nice girl like you could sing and—"

"On the stage—oh, never!" she said in a tone of actual horror. "I would have to lose all hope before coming to that. Really, I would."

And he could tell that she meant every word of it. But she left her address, and after she had taken her departure, he looked out of the window at the lithe young form as it crossed the street.

"Poor little devil," said Frank Collier. "I hope she'll be able to stick to 'Jamie' and 'Ave Maria.'"

* * * * *

Two weeks later Mr. Robert Fullerton, manager, came in to see Frank Collier.

"Frank," said Fullerton, "I want you to get hold of a young girl who is pretty and fresh and—well, you know; like Edna May, for instance."

"Um—going to try to do the Lederer trick over again, are you?" asked Collier.

"None of your business, Frank," said the other, good humoredly. Then, seriously again: "But suppose I did want an Edna May? Could you fix me out?"

Collier thought for a moment. Then he struck his thigh a resounding slap.

"By jove, Bob, I have it. Just the girl. I'll have an answer for you to-morrow."

* * * *

When Robert Fullerton called the next day he was handed this note:

"Mr. Frank Collier:

"My Dear Sir—It is very kind of you to remember me, but I must decline such a chance as you proffer. I have not lost hope yet. Sincerely yours,

"Helen Van Buskirk."

"She's a damned little fool," said Fullerton, when the circumstance had been explained to him. "But, she'll come around when you don't need her."

"I hope to God she never will," was the fervent remark of the other.

* * * * *

It was two months later. The boy handed Frank Collier a card. He started.

"Show the lady in at once."

Again the same frou-frou of skirts, the same indefinable something. This time he went forward to meet her with outstretched hands.

How her face had changed! He could have cried out in sympathy.

"You haven't given up hope, have you?" and in his voice there was more concern than he thought he was capable of showing for any girl.

"No, not given up, only wavering—" and she sank into a chair. He could see that there were lines around her mouth that had not been there before, and her eyes—surely those eyes had been weeping.

"Tell me—tell me what you have been doing," he asked eagerly.

"Oh, I hardly know myself," and she sighed as if there was nothing but weariness in the world. "At first, after I left you, I was, oh, so hopeful. I went from place to place looking for a position. I did not expect much. I only wanted a chance to do something. For four weary weeks I rode from one end of the town to the other. My money gave out. Then I walked. Twice I was openly insulted—insulted by men who sang God's own music in God's own house. Oh, the shame of it." She cried then softly as she thought of the shame, the humiliation.

Frank Collier found himself clutching the arm of the chair convulsively.

"Give me their names," said he, hoarsely, "and I'll kill them. The hypocrites! God!"

She went on as if too tired to hear his words.

"And now to-day, after six long weeks, after I have tried, and tried, oh, God knows how hard, I came to you because, because—I—am—hungry," and the wail of utter helplessness in that young voice told how long she had waited before coming to him.

And before he could reach her side she had fainted.

* * * * *

"I hope she doesn't scare," said Fullerton to his friend Collier, as they sat in a box at the Gaiety.

"I think she'll pull through all right," said the other anxiously. "She's an artist to her finger tips, and not the silly kind to let the lights bother her."

"I told you she'd come back, Frank," continued Fullerton, "and I admire your taste," this with a nudge.

Collier's face flushed.

"Don't talk that way, Bob, or, by God, friend, or no friend, I'll lick you."

And Fullerton thoroughly understood.

Helen Van Buskirk, billed as Marie Devoe, was a success; more, she was a triumph. Nothing like her had ever before been seen or heard in New York. She was dressed in short skirts, but there the resemblance to other music-hall singers ceased. She had a style all her own—a

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ALL THAT CHOLLY COULD REMEMBER THE MORNING AFTER ATTENDING A NEW BROADWAY PRODUCTION.

cleverness certainly not a product of Binghamton. But her voice—that captured the house. She sang mostly the songs of the day. Her faithful coach had seen to it that she should not soar above her audience in song or method or dress. And so even after she had sung a gay chansonette, a rollicking vivandiere song, and a couple of the songs that the boys whistled in the gallery, the people wanted more. She came out and bowed and bowed and bowed again. But still another song was wanted. She walked to the footlights, her eyes sought another pair of eyes in the box, her hand beckoned to the leader to stop playing the chorus of the last song she had been singing, and she started to sing "Jamie." And the whole house sat still and drank in those dear old familiar lines as she sang them without accompaniment, with tears in her eyes and tenderness in her voice. Then she disappeared for good to the plaudits of an enraptured house.

As Fullerton passed out after her turn he remarked "She's fit," which with Fullerton meant a great deal.

The two friends passed around to the stage door and were soon in front of Helen's dressing-room, where she stood resplendent in the first excitement of her success.

"Helen, dear, let me present my friend, Mr. Fullerton. Bob—" and this was said with the proud air of a prince before his princess, "this is Miss Van Buskirk, who has promised to become Mrs. Collier."

"Yes," answered that lady, "Frank insists that I shall sing 'Ave Maria' and 'Jamie' for him always.'

And the only thing Fullerton could think of was not fit for the occasion. It was: "Well, I'm damned."

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Photo by Ellis, London.

MARIE TEMPEST AS THE SORCERESS IN "A GREEK SLAVE" AT DALY'S THEATRE, LONDON.

Miss Tempest has been toying with her role for some months and it still retains its symmetry and glow of health. We wish to enter a protest, by the way. Miss Tempest has failed to furnish us with a romance for over a year.

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SA-AY, Clara Betz is the limit. If you're a man and want to know more than is good for you about us girls, just go up to the Casino, see Clara Betz come out, turn on your opera glass, and you'll get enough points in four seconds to last you a lifetime.

You know I'm not a prude. Everybody knows that. Nothing less than an earthquake or the sight of Cyril Scott trying to sing could feaze me. But when I saw Clara—honest, I actually blushed. Not that the idea of coming out in stockinettes and posing like Venus and a lot of old dubs is new or startling, but because Clara has an awful lot of surface to show. She's a well-formed woman, and no doubt a good model, but there is so much of her that it really isn't nice. And as I say, I'm no prude.

The night I was there a young chap, with nice yellow hair and rosy cheeks, sat in front of me. He looked as if he had just stepped off a train from New Haven. He looked as cool as a cucumber, though not so green. The art-student girls in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" didn't excite him until Clara came on. Then I got scared. He mopped his forehead at least fifteen times with a nice cambric handkerchief that mother must have made. And by the time Clara was ready to go, his tie was crooked and his hair all mussed.

All this is art, of course. If you don't believe it, ask Miss Betz.

* * *

DO you know Freddie McKay of the Mail and Express? His full name is Frederic Edward McKay, but all the girls call him Freddie. They also call him sweet and handsome and other things which would make a less well-balanced youngster lose his head. But Freddie hasn't toppled over yet.

I had seen Freddie at opening nights a good many times before I knew who he was. I took him for the son of a Presbyterian minister out for a devil of a lark, old boy. His hair was so smoothly brushed and his manners so nice that I didn't notice the experience that gleamed in his eyes. Then some one told me that he was the dramatic editor of the Mail and Express.

Now, I don't mean to say that other dramatic editors haven't smooth hair and good manners. There's Hillary Bell, for instance, who looks more like the handsome villain of a society play than poor Nelson Wheatcroft ever looked. And there's Franklin Fyles, looking like a college professor; and big, strapping, rugged Leander Richardson, whose hot shot is feared and praise coveted by every member of the dramatic profession; and the scholarly

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Charles Henry Meltzer, with the funny bald head. But they're all different from Freddie. They couldn't wear a Tuxedo with his faultless grace to save their salaries.

Freddie is very popular along Broadway. He is also very particular. He probably has no especial abhorrence of romances (mind you, I don't say he cares for them, either), but Freddie is so well-bred that he wouldn't eat a red lobster with a peroxide soubrette in Shanley's on a rainy night for anything on earth.

* * *

DID you see Mrs. Stuart Robson (you know, she was May Waldron) in "The Meddler" at Wallack's?

If you did, you also saw that wonderful pea-green dress. If you didn't, you missed one of the most wonderful sights of the year.

When she was May Waldron she was quite thin. Now she weighs—well, I know it's none of my business what she weighs, but she's really quite fleshy. And yet she insists on wearing dresses that would look well only on a woman like Amelia Summerville after taking. In the first act she looked all right in black and white. In the second she came out in that green dress, and then the women nudged each other and the men made nasty remarks. But it really gave her anything but a gossamer appearance.

It's funny, isn't it, that women will insist on calling attention to the very thing they would cover up?

* * *

I WAS awfully disappointed when I heard that Elsie de Wolfe would not appear with the Empire Theatre Company at the beginning of its season. I had made up my mind to get a pass from Mr. Shea or Mr. Hayman, go in and be as important as if I had given up two dollars and take a look at the new Elsie dresses. You see, that's the way I often save dressmaker's bills. I just copy Elsie and then I'm the swellest thing in town.

That girl is a stunner when it comes to gowns. I've often thought that Redfern should write a play, call it "Only a Piece of Satin," and get Elsie to play the title role.

* * *

VAUDEVILLE has not taken away Frank Carlyle's beauty or the wave out of his beautiful black mustache.

I think Frank was foolish to go into vaudeville. He's a pretty good actor and can make love to beat the band. I don't see how any girl can feel that mustache of his caress her cheeks and look into those large, handsome eyes without acting as if she liked it.

They tell me that Frank once worked in a shoe store before he went on the stage. If he did I'll bet he sold more women's shoes than any other man in town.

But no Frank Carlyle can dally with my ankles. I'm not looking for trouble.

* * *

SA-AY, Sadie Martinot is all right That's what I heard a man say the other night. And it's the men that know and like Sadie.

Alan Dale and a lot of other critics almost went into hysterics about Flo Ziegfeld's production of "The Turtle." That scene in the second act where Sadie goes behind a screen and takes off her clothes was not written for Sunday School entertainments, but it was prettier and less objectionable, to my mind, than the trapeze performance of that shameless little brunette, Charmion.

The man who said Sadie was all right is a well-known stage manager, and whether he meant she was all right physically or artistically I don't know. And I don't intend to ask him.

* * *

THAT wealthy hotel proprietor, whose place is on Madison avenue, makes a big mistake. He mustn't think that women consider his motives entirely worthy when he knocks at their doors twice during the night and whines: "Is there anything I can do for you, Miss ——?"

But perhaps he thinks that this is the way professional women expect to be treated by hotel proprietors.

And, by the way, he must have a pretty big pull somewhere to have kept that affair of the chorus girl out of the newspapers and the police courts. But he can be pretty sure of not keeping out of this column if anything like it happens again. Even now I am silent only because the poor little girl has had enough trouble.

Why can't some men be thoroughbreds without being brutes?

* * *

SA-AY, girls, have you noticed the latest scheme of the people who get up fashion pictures? They are using the heads of well-known actresses in their designs.

In a single recent issue of the New York World I saw the faces of Madge Lessing Edna Wallace Hopper, Virginia Earle and Mabelle Gilman tucked onto the latest things in Fall fashions.

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MISS ESTELLE DYER IN A HAT THAT IS THE ENVY OF WOMEN WHEREVER IT IS SHOWN.

Miss Dyer refuses to discard it on that account.

But the bodies were still those impossible drawings showing women with legs and arms and waists like curling-irons. Yvette Guilbert and Sarah Bernhardt are the only women who could ever get into one of those dresses. They're both thin enough to know better.

* * *

POOR little Gerome Edwardy lost her diamonds.

Poor thing. I was worried almost sick when I heard of it. How sad it would have been if she had been obliged to go down to Tiffany's and order a new crest and necklace and bracelets. Why, it would take all her savings for the past year to pay for them. But when she found them again I was happy. I hate to see innocent-eyed, pink-and-white, simple little girls like Gerome Edwardy worry about diamonds.

For Gerome is such an ingenue.

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Miss Hifli—What's the matter, Jimmy; have you been fighting?
The Tattered One—Nah! I've been fit.

HONEST, that Henry Guy Carleton must be a bird.

I wonder if Olive May will really get a divorce. I heard away last winter that Mrs. Carleton, No. 4, wasn't as happy as she might have been.

The New York Journal announced when it printed the story about the Carletons that Effie Shannon, Mrs. Carleton, No. 3, "refused to discuss the matter." Why should she discuss it or smudge her pretty fingers with Henry's soiled linen?

* * *

AMELIA STONE, who looked pretty and didn't do much in the "A Stranger in New York" company that went to London, has gone into the London music halls and seems to have made a small hit.

There was a full-page picture of her a short time ago in the London Sketch. They seem to think over there that she is one of our prima donnas, and, of course, Amelia doesn't correct them.

* * *

"SAY, Sou," said a manager to me the other day, "why don't you write something about ——?" here mentioning the name of a prominent vaudeville firm. "They're a disgrace to the business. No decent woman can go near their offices without being insulted. They are boors of the worst type, and some big brother or husband should go down there and shoot promiscuously. It would clear up the atmosphere of Broadway a bit."

And I'm lookin them up, you bet.

* * *

DON'T forget, next month, same time, same place, and same

RED SOUBRETTE.

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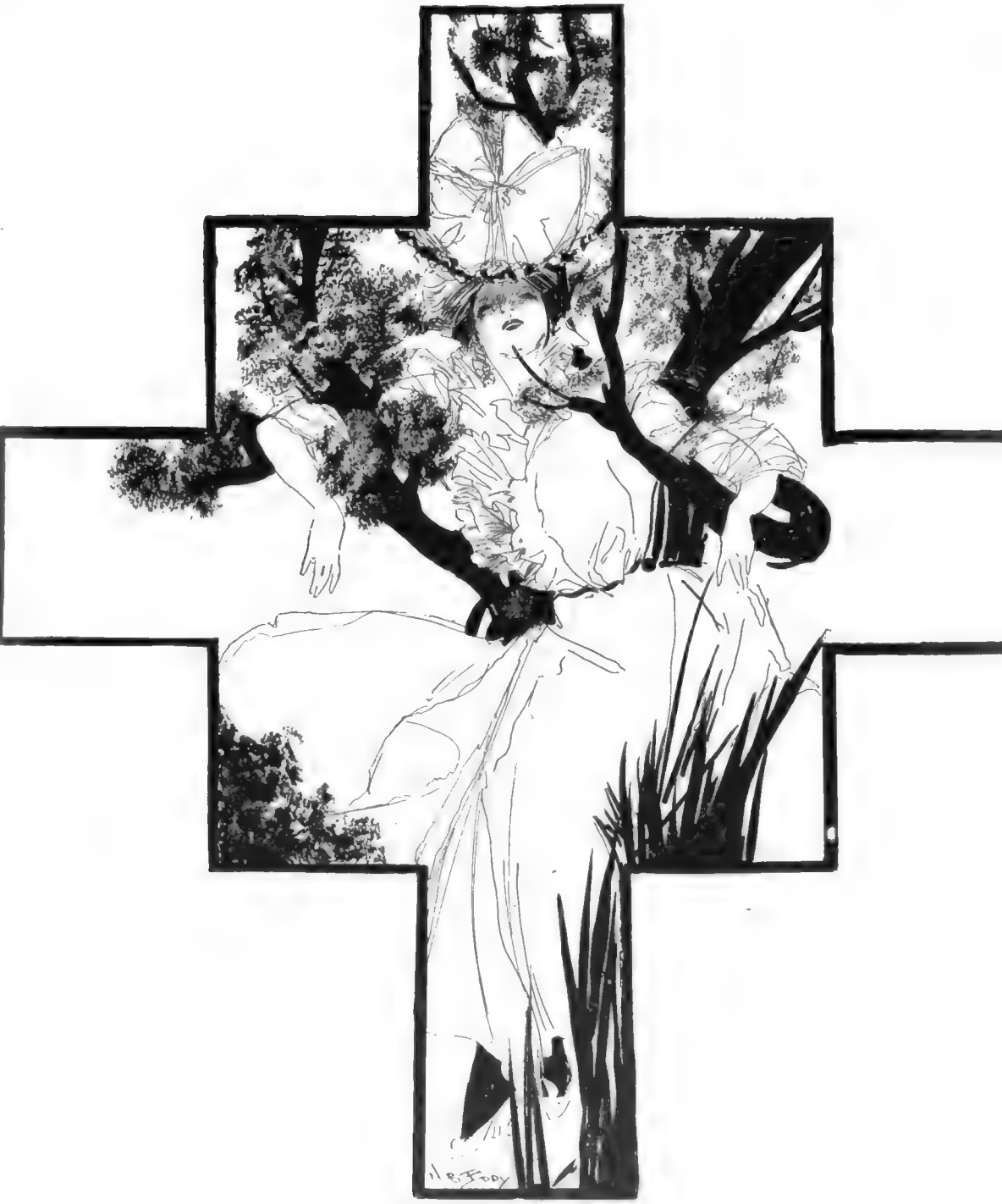

THE EDDY GIRL UP A TREE.

She doesn't have to stay there, though. She was simply placed there for the time being by H. B. Eddy, one of the cleverest young men on the New York Journal.

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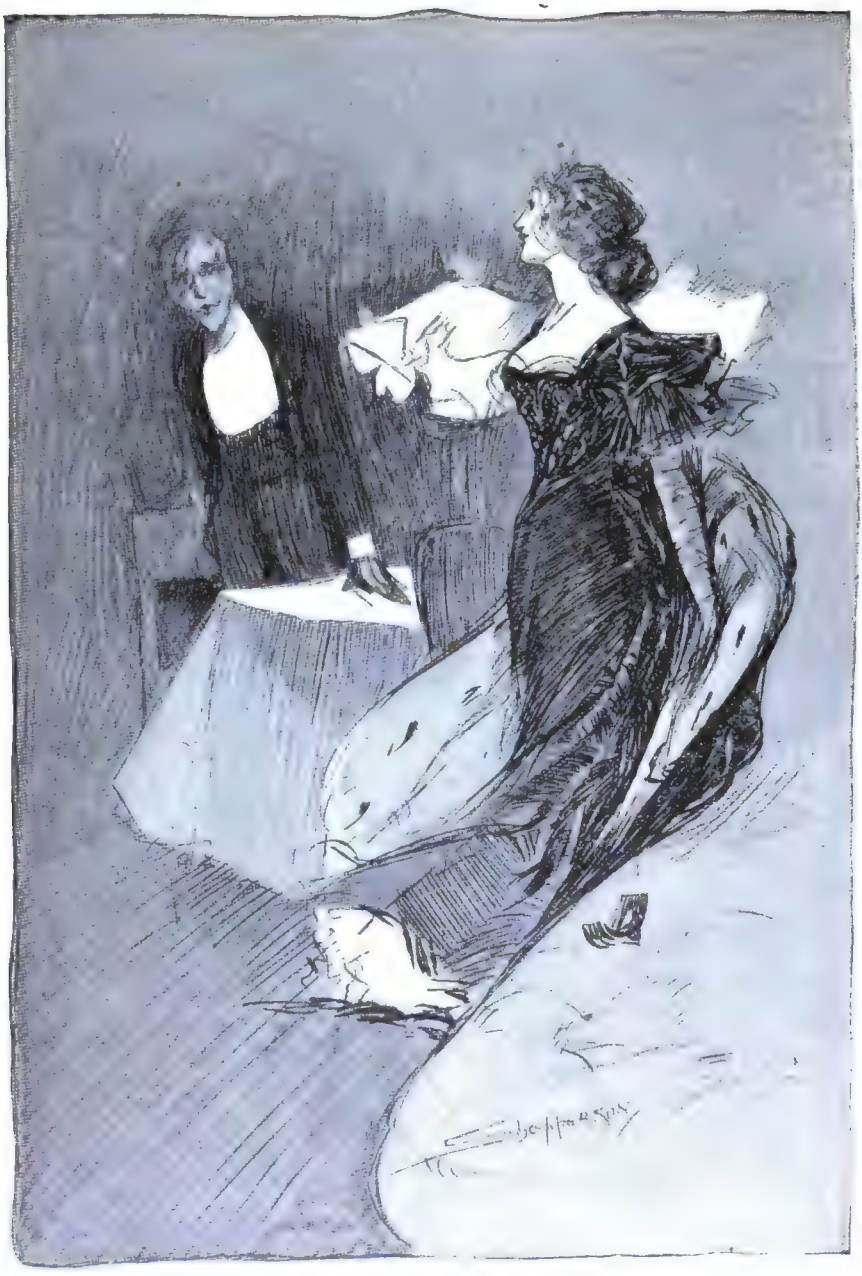

THE SHOT THAT TOLD.

Miss Youngthing—Now, remember; no nonsense at this dinner. If you get fresh I'll simply touch the button for the waiter.

Mr. Oldbird—Never fear, my dear Miss Youngthing. I was talking to your dearest friend, Clara Dashley, last evening, and she said you had been kissed so seldom that it wouldn't do to attempt it with you. All the men, of course, want to kiss Cla—

Miss Youngthing—Now that I notice it, Mr. Oldbird, there isn't a bell in the place.

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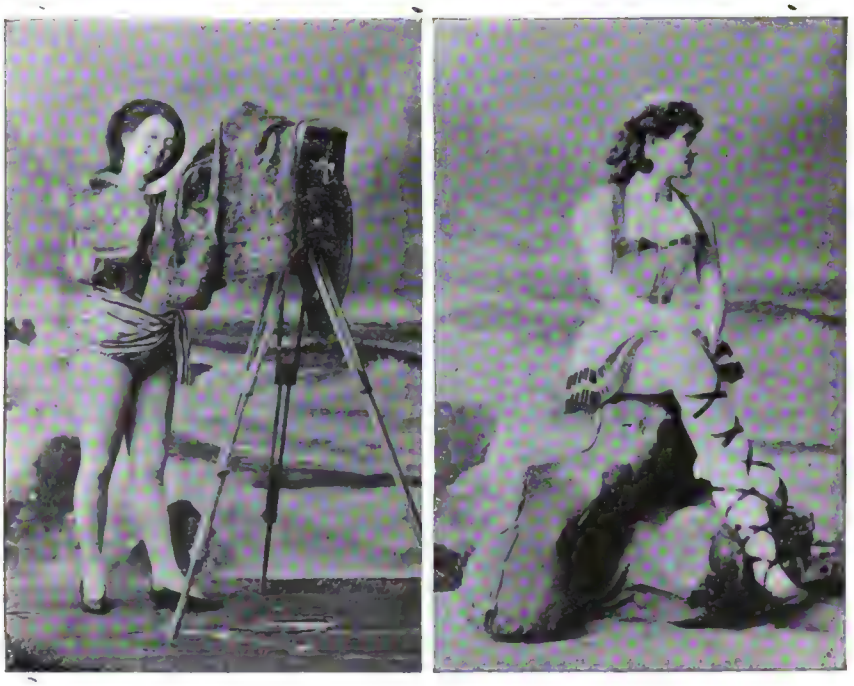
"Good-bye, dear. Have a jolly time, but keep away from the cows."
"Cows! Why?"
"Well; they run after calves, you know."



I. "Now, Belle; look happy. Think of your husband."

II. And Belle did, with this result.

TWO FLEETING REMINDERS OF THE GIDDY SUMMER.

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"So glad to find you in. Is your husband well?"

"I don't know. You see, I heard he was out yachting with another woman, and I've just sent my six-foot brother to find out. That's why I don't know how well he is."

A SURE CURE.

Anxious Parent—Doctor, my son appears to be going blind, and he is about to be married.

Doctor—Let him go right on with the wedding; if anything can open his eyes, marriage will.

WRONG METHOD.

Sympathetic Visitor—My good man, what brought you here?

Prisoner — Borrowing money.

"But they don't put people in prison for borrowing money!"

Yes, I know; but I had to knock the man down three or four times before he would lend it to me."

"Won't your manager kick if he sees us?"

"Not much. I've been riding rough-shod over him all season."

THE RUB.

"I wouldn't mind having my poems paid for on publication," remarked the struggling young genius, with a sad, wan smile, "if it were not for the fact that my meals must be paid for on acceptance."

COMFORTING.

Small Boy—I've got a good joke on pop.

Young Richfello—What's that?

Small Boy—He saw Mr. Poorchap last night with his arm around sister, and dad is so near-sighted he thought it was you, and he didn't say a word.

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1. William Hills, soldier at the Philippines. 2. Mlle. Stignani, actress. 3. Florrie West, **soubrette.** 4. **Charles J. Ross, good actor.** 5. Richard F. Carroll, comedian. 6. David Bispham, **singer.** 7. Marie Shotwell, actress. 8. Marie Burroughs, also 9. Tim Murphy, comedian. 10. Amelia **Stone,** actress. 11. Col. Downs, of the Seventy-first. 12. Mabel Fenton, actress. 14. Guy Standing, actor. 14. Evelyn Bird, actress. 15. Yvette Violette, not the s... [illegible] José, actor. 17. Hallen Mostyn, comedian. 18. On application. 19. Harry Conor, **actor.** 20. T. F. Harrigan, of Broadway Squad. 21. G. Pach, photographer. 22. James L. Wilson, actor. 23. Baroness Zieder, also sings. 24. Nellie Hawthorne, actress. 25. Henry Norman, singer. 26. Lotta Linoleum, actress. 27. Jerry Ames, also. 28. Helen Remsen, likewise. 29. Eva Davenport, comedienne. 30. Alice Evans, actress. 31. Richard Ridgeley, actor. 32. Mrs. Stuart Robson, actress. 33. Maud Thomas, also. 34. Christine Roland, child actress. 35. J. Duke Murray, manager. 36. Matt Woodward, actor, song writer. 37. Gertrude Bennett, actress. 38. Mary Hampton, too. 39. Sam Bernard, star. 40. Dorothy Sherrod, actress. 41. Beatrice Abrams, soubrette. 42. W. R. Good, who wants to build a warship. 43. Wm. Armstrong, actor. 44. Stuart Robson, star. 45. Maud Vincent, actress. 46. Frank Rushworth, tenor. 47. Daniel Frohman, manager.

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EXPERIENCED.

"What is the meaning of the word tantalizing?" asked the teacher.

"Please, ma'am," spoke up little Johnny Holcomb, "it means a circus procession passing the school house, and the scholars not allowed to look out."

ETIQUETTE.

Irate Housewife—Don't you ever come here again.

Weary Willie—Very well, madam. (To companion.) Mr. Wraggles, don't let me forget to have my secretary cross this lady's name from my visiting list.

I. Come, children, I'll take you across.

II. And this is the way she did it.

THEY DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS CISSIE HIGHUPPE, STAR OF THE BARPAUGH AND FORENUM CIRCUS.

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"I see you have had a military training?"
"What makes you think so?"
"When I said 'I salute you, madam,' you immediately presented arms."

SHY.

Policeman—Look here, young fellow; you've been hanging about here for over an hour. It's very suspicious. What are you up to?

Young Mr. Dapper (who has been a father just eleven days)—Oh, nothing. You see, I'm waiting until there's no one in the drug store, so's I can go in and buy a feeding-bottle.

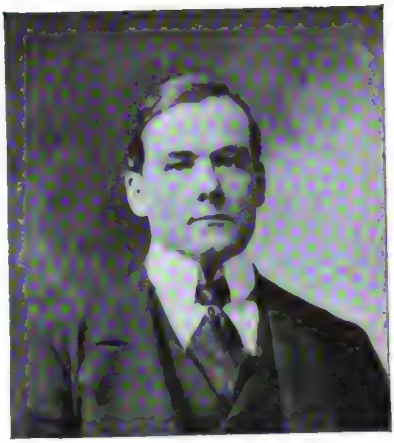
PURSUIT.

Fynshly—What is Wally doing now?

Harrison—Well, when I last saw him he was engaged in a literary pursuit.

Fynshly—Indeed! I didn't think he had enough brain to write.

Harrison—He wasn't writing; he was chasing a newspaper that the wind had blown away.



You're a funny rara avis,
Oh, Richard Harding Davis.
In fact, I've heard,
You're a regular bird.

And hence this desire to set forth in beautiful measure the fact that people are on to you, oh, Dickie bird. But you'll probably keep on drawing your royalties with unbroken regularity. P. P.

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BELLE ARCHER IN A POSE THAT SUGGESTS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

One year's subscription awaits the first man, woman or child who proves to us that Miss Archer is thinking of anything in particular.

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Photo by Reutlinger.

THIS IS BALTIMORE BUT NOT MD.

She dances in the Paris music halls and glories in the name of Baltimore. The lady is very fond of pushing drapery through the air, as shown in the picture. She is unmarried, we believe, although we don't care a rap

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HEREDITY.

The Visitor (viewing the new baby)—Do you think he is going to resemble his father?

The Mother—I shouldn't be surprised. He keeps me up every night.

HEADING HIM OFF.

Clerk (about to ask for a raise)—It is just twenty years since I entered into your employment.

Employer—That shows how patient I am.

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MISS JESSICA SHELDON SURROUNDED BY A CONSERVATORY.

Miss Sheldon certainly doesn't carry palm trees and rose bushes and pond lilies around the country with her. Consequently, there is good reason to believe that the photographer focussed the eye of his camera on her while she was strolling through a West Twenty-fourth street bower of sweet geraniums and pippleblossoms.

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Photographs by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

MISS MABEL BOUTON AND THE TEETH THAT GLEAM.

There's no doubt about that gleam. Look for yourself and then see if Miss Bouton has not some reason for being proud of her teeth. Miss Bouton, by the way, does not depend upon calcium effects alone. She's about as clever as any of our young American stage women.

He—Let's kiss; no one sees. She—Um. The Moon—Ah, There!

DISCOVERY.

Employer—Did you manage to find the basket of eggs that was on the pantry floor, Bridget?

Servant—Oh, yes, mum,aisily. I shtepped on thim.

SHE KNEW.

He (who has just been accepted)—What is more delightful than a kiss?

She (blushingly and in a whisper)—Two.

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THE POOR DEVIL.

His name is Waldorf Astor. His father is William Waldorf Astor, and he is not allowed to visit the land of his birth. If he doesn't grow up ashamed of his country it will not be his father's fault.

She looks as if she's sleeping,
But from one eye she's peeping;
The reason? Me she loves,
But she wants a pair of gloves,
And them she won't be missing,
For I'm near enough for kissing.

The First Girl—When we passed Lord Flippup he did'nt seem to know whether to speak to us or not.

The Other One—No; I don't suppose he has received his reports from Bradstreet yet.

HIS BEAUTEOUS REPLY.

Mrs. Golightly (fishing for compliments).—Ah, Mr. McJoseph, beauty is the most precious of all gifts Heaven has vouchsafed to us women. I'd sooner possess beauty than anything else in the world.

Mr. McJoseph (under the impression that he is making himself agreeable).—I'm sure, my dear madame, that any regret you may possibly entertain on that score is amply compensated for by—er—by—the innate consciousness of your moral worth, you know—and—of your many and numerous superior mental accomplishments.

JUSTIFIABLE WRATH.

Angry advertiser.—See here, our ad. ought to read, "Thousands of patrons are wearing trousers of our make."

Foreman of the Composing Room.—Well?

Advertiser.—You've made it "matrons," confound you!

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That George Lederer is a lucky man. A few years ago he was connected in a small way with a little theatre in an unimportant town of Pennsylvania. Not long ago he sailed for Europe, and every daily paper in New York recorded the fact as if it were of international importance; as it was, by the way, from a theatrical standpoint. George Lederer and Charles Frohman are about the only two American managers who have succeeded in doing anything with Londoners of late years. Lederer, unquestionably, has secured a strong hold on the other side, and all he has to do now is to continue to give them shows as good as "The Belle of New York." And this isn't an easy thing for any man, but with C. M. S. McLellan and Gus Kerker in fine fettle we can expect plenty of good Casino products in the future.

All of which reminds me that poor old Neil Burgess is on his uppers in London. One of his friends whom I saw on Broadway a few days ago says he met Burgess on the Strand abjectly and unmistakably broke and altogether hopeless. England wouldn't have Burgess or "The County Fair" at any price, and why in the name of Heaven the actor does not return to this country, where he can make money on the road, is more than I can tell.

There was a lot of talk some time since when Proprietor Breslin asked the fighting element to relieve the Gilsey House of their presence. As a matter of fact, Breslin tried to do this some years ago but failed to make a clean sweep, and the fraternity strolled back again and stayed there. This time, however, he was more successful, and there is a change for the better in the ensemble of this fine old hostelry.

Sylvester Scovel, the man who struck General Shafter, and was then fired by the New York World, has been around Broadway to a considerable extent since his return from Cuba. Scovel is generally such a self-contained man that his friends wonder how he could have so far forgotten decency and discretion as to strike the General commanding. Those same friends also often express relief over the fact that Scovel was able to leave Santiago in a whole skin. Generals commanding usually have the disagreeable habit of court-martialling those who are thoughtless enough to strike them in the face—especially before a whole army.

The Astor Court building, standing directly back of the Waldorf-Astoria on Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth streets, is becoming quite a resort for the Broadway crowd. Frank J. Wilstack, the press agent and dramatic litterateur, has an office there. Wilstack, by the way, is doing the press for Hopper this year. Brokers, also, are patronizing Astor Court. Wasserman Bros., with George F. Dickinson as manager, and Burr, Stokes & Co., have branch offices here. The Astor Bank, which is on the Thirty-fourth street side of the Court, is a new institution and always looks calm, cool and collected, although I am told that it carries something like $20,000,000 in accounts. Or is it $200,000,000? I always get hopelessly mixed when discussing more than thirty cents.

If Liane de Pougy really comes over to visit us this year, the jeunesse doree will have a bit of excitement in store for them; unless, of course, Liane should emulate the example of Otero, engage a room in a cheap boarding house, cable her salary over to Paris every week, and then go back and abuse us roundly. De Pougy is the perfect type of the Parisian butterfly of the ragged edge. She is an unusually hand-

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Photo by Pach, New York.

THE GIRL WHO PLAYS THE FIDDLE.

Miss Josie De Witt, a pretty woman who has been playing the violin in New York and elsewhere. She can make her instrument throb with passion, cry with pain or laugh with glee. She is a bewitching blonde, with fine shoulders and a way of wearing her evening gowns that would tantalize the most sedate of mortals.

some woman, has had romances galore, and succeeded in getting a world of advertising when she attempted suicide three or four years ago. She and her private life have been openly discussed in the Paris papers in a manner so candid as to be somewhat startling to those who are not used to this phase of French journalism. At any rate, if De Pougy comes to New York, the town will have something to talk about.

Mr. Michael Leonard, the Beau Brummel of the ring, who has been fighting every twenty minutes for the past five years without, to my knowledge, ever having won a contest, is gracing Broadway with the light of his fashionable presence these

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Photo by Moreno & Lopez, New York.

SELINA SANCHEZ, A CUBAN BEAUTY OF NEW YORK.

Miss Sanchez is considered to be a pure type of Cuban beauty.

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days. I expect to read almost any morning that Mr. Leonard has consented to have his brunette beauty pounded into unrecognizable shape for the loser's end of the purse. Mr. Leonard is one of Broadway's picturesque figures, and the debonair and unabashed manner in which he turns up after each successive defeat has won my undying admiration.

Just as a contrast, let me say a word or two about Cyril Scott, of Daly's forces. There's a young man of such evident good breeding that I expect one of these days to see him forsake musical-comedy for polite parlor plays, and be featured as the politest man on earth, or perhaps even star in "Only a Gentleman." Cyril Scott isn't much of a Broadway lounger, and whenever he makes his appearance I somehow

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Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

YOLANDE WALLACE ONCE AGAIN.

This time displaying her teeth instead of her columnar supports.

feel that he should go straight back to the Knickerbocker Club, where he really would be at home; albeit, Scott is too manly to be a dawdler.

J. Charles Davis, the original exploiter of the Abbott kiss, has offices in the Times Building, on Park Row. He seems to be happy even at this distance from Upper Broadway.

Walter Jones' song: "Every One Says of My Maudie, 'She's All Right,'" has caught the town.

Sadie Martinot has fine taste in lingerie. How do I know? Don't be smart. Anyone who has seen that scriptural family play, "The Turtle," knows that.

Where is Cissie Fitzgerald? Please send replies in sealed envelopes.

Jessie Bateman, Sybil Carlisle and Mabel Lane, of "A Brace of Partridge," company, are more comely than any three girls George Edwardes ever sent us in his musical comedies. I'd run a block to see them any dav.

Alice Judson in tights, in "The Charlatan," is a midsummer night's dream of silk and curves.

Very Corse Peyton still wears diamonds. Also, ducks still swim.

Paul Dresser hasn't written a new song in twenty minutes. I'm worried.

Somebody wants to buy Olympia for a few paltry million. I suspect Alexander Comstock. He hasn't spent a million in quite a while.

THE MAN ON BROADWAY.

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MISS GRACE HEYER.

A stunning hat, a pair of tantalizing shoulders and an expression of heavenly content. Fetching, isn't it?

ABSENT MINDED.

Hostess.—What, are you going already, Mr. Jones, and must you take your dear wife away with you?

Mr. Jones.—Indeed, Mrs. Brown, I am sorry to say I must.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

The Maid-Servant. — Professor, Mrs. Bookes has just returned from her journey.

Prof. Bookes.—Remind me by-and-by to give her a kiss.

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JEANNETTE BAGEARD, ONE OF THE BRISK ONES IN "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY."

Miss Bageard is one of the sprightliest and daintiest dancers on the American stage. She wears out each year more lingerie than you could find at Siegel, Macy, Altman & Company's.

HARDLY FITTED.

Child—Mamma, what is a common person?

Mother—Why, child, a common person is—is—well, it's a person that we do not associate with. Why do you ask?

Child—'Cause Mrs. Nextdoor said you was a common person.

ORDERS.

EMPLOYER—Why didn't you come when I rang?

Office Boy—Because I didn't hear the bell.

Employer—Hereafter, when you don't hear the bell, you must come and tell me so, see?

Office Boy (artfully)—Yes, sir.

THE WINNER.

Over four thousand answers were received to the question "Who In the Deuce are They?" asked in the September number of The Broadway Magazine. The only correct answer was received from Mrs. A. M. Irvin, 141 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., who is entitled to the Broadway Magazine for one year. The correct answer is as follows: 1. Carolyn Elbert. 2. A. A. McCormick. 3. Chas. F. Gall. 4. Theobald Chartran. 5. Dorothy Sherrod. 6. Hattie Williams. 7. Adelaide Thurston. 8. Arthur Maitland. 9. Pauline Hall. 10. Chas. Coghlan. 11. Edward Sothern. 12. Oscar Hammerstein. 13. Gretchen Lyons. 14. Nella Bergen. 15. Dan Daly. 16. Jos. Wheelock, Jr. 17. Eric Scott. 18. Julius Steger. 19. Marie Dressler. 20. Isaac Fromme. 21. Otis Harlan. 22. Mabel Montgomery. 23. Edwin Stevens. 24. H. S. Tabor. 25. J. W. Bratton.

FIND THE GIRL WHOSE FRIENDS HAVE TOLD HER THAT SHE HAS A BEAUTIFUL NECK AND SHOULD ALWAYS SIT FOR A BACK VIEW.

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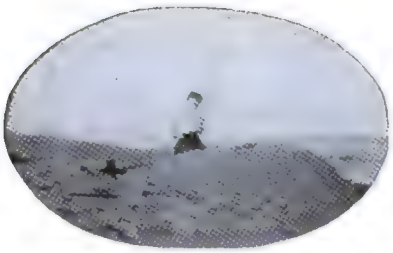
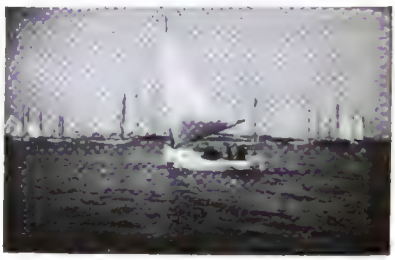


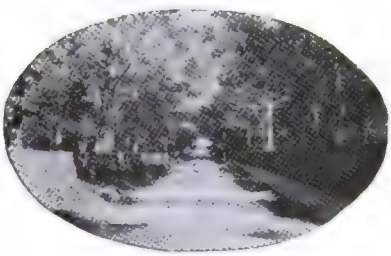
PUNCHING HOLES IN THE SAND.

THAMES STREET, OLD NEWPORT.

THE CASINO—HOME OF THE POUSSE CAFE

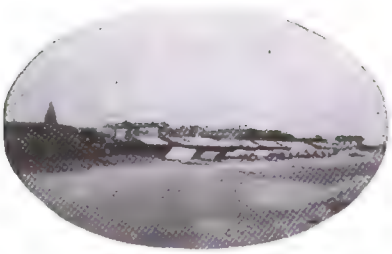


SCENE IN THE HARBOR.



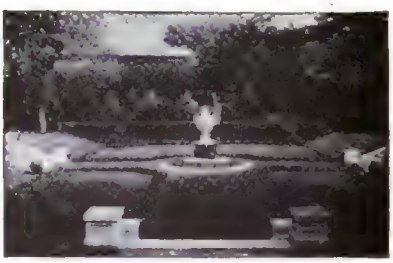
ROMANTIC "LOVER'S LANE."

CONEY ISLAND CROWD ON THE BEACH.



A LARGE SLICE OF BEACH.

NARRAGANSETT.



A BIT OF BELLEVUE AVENUE.

NEWPORT.

SOME VACATION SNAPSHOTS BY A BROADWAYITE AT TWO FAMOUS AMERICAN SUMMER RESORTS.

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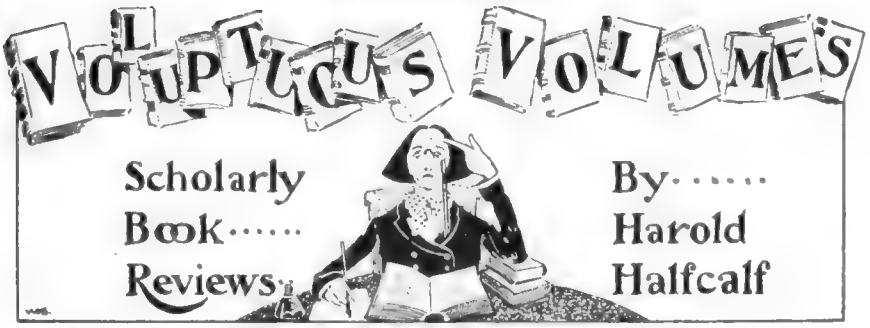

Among the voluptuous volumes which escaped coming into this office are the following:

CHOCOLATE AND TALK-BACK, by Percy Flage. This is an airy little volume, well worth buying and giving away to somebody else. It is full of words, most of which are intended to be funny, and the wide margins are very artistic, though we think they would be more so if they were wider—as wide, say, as the pages themselves. The story, if it will allow us to call it so, deals with a young man who thinks he is good at repartee and in consequence makes himself very much disliked at his boarding house. But Percy Flage is a popular writer (for some reason) and his books generally sell. But, then, that word describes them well.

VIVACIOUS VERSES, by Lawrence Limerick. This is a collection of scintillating stanzas, intended, we presume, for the eyes of children. But grown-ups can derive singular pleasure from the perusal of some of them. This, fo. instance:

There was a young girl of New York,
Who never ate bacon nor pork;
When they said: "Have some ham?"
She replied: "Yes, I am!"
Which surprised the young men of New York

This little book of verses will probably be distributed in the schools this fall.

THE ART OF THE ACTRESS, by Clementina Pott. In this very interesting book are given ample instructions to the would-be amateur how to become the favorite of the footlights. A special chapter is devoted to the jollying of managers, which, for certain reasons, we shall not make quotations from here, but it is most interesting. A recapitulation of some of the chapter headings will give an idea of the wide scope of this work: Angels, and How to Work Them; The Centre of the Stage; Dangers of the Greenroom; Cosmetics as an Article of Diet for Stranded Actresses; and, Husbands in the Profession.

HISTORY OF THE LATE WAR, by General Incompetence. A serviceable and very timely book at this juncture. The campaign is gone over, day by day, since its inception, and the brilliant mistakes of some of our generals are graphically recounted. The details of camp life are also given, and the glorious deaths of our soldiers after the end of the war from disease and neglect are written up in a manner that must arouse everybody. An excellent suggestion is made at the end of the volume to the effect that the command of the army be turned over to General Weyler, in order to reduce the number of deaths and the spread of disease among the American soldiers.

SUGGESTIVE ANECDOTES, by Alexander Soupstock. Why, Aleck, we're surprised! Hello, on a second glance at the book, we find that it contains stories showing the value of suggestions in business. Please excuse us, old boy, we thought it was something else.

EGYPTIAN PSYCHOLOGY AND THE RELATION IT BEARS TO TRANS-SIBERIAN METEMPSYCHOSIS, WITH A PREFACE IN SANSKRIT REGARDING CHICKEN PIP, by Professor Bubble. This is a very learned book, and when it sailed into the office of THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE there was a fierce fight among the

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He—Does your father disapprove of me as a son-in-law?
She—No; but there's one thing he objects to.
He—What's that?
She—He refuses to become your father-in-law.

editors as to which should take it home to the baby. Harold Halfcalf won. It is a very tysty volume, very tysty, indeed, and goes well with caviar, but the preface will be enjoyed best while chewing garlic on the roof. The binding is a little bit loose, but that is not intended as a reflection on its morals. The publishers omitted to say what its price was, but that's all right. They needn't worry.

SPANISH GRAMMAR AND CONVERSATION BOOK, by Don Sap Y Olio Y Cantharides. We fear the Don has been wasting his time and his publishers' money getting this book out. Latin and Greek were at one time thought desirable languages to learn, but people do not spend much time on the dead languages nowadays. No, no, Sappy, look up the Helpwantedmales column and get another job.

HOW TO RAISE THE BABY, by Mothah. We generally use our hands, if a derrick isn't handy, but judging from the size of this book, the author has a large number of other suggestions. We've got no time to wade through them all, but a hasty glance in the pages showed a hint to the effect that champagne and buckwheat cakes should never be put in the baby's bottle at night time. We agree with that, heartily.

UNACTED PLAYS, by a Drug Clerk. The author of this book is to be congratulated. These plays were submitted to managers and returned, evidently, or he wouldn't have been able to publish them in a book. We congratulate him on getting the manuscripts back from the managers; it is a very rare thing to happen. But that is the only cause for congratulation, unless we do so because he never got

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1 and 4. Villa Knox. 2. Rose Leighton. 3. Atalie Claire.

THREE NEW MEMBERS OF THE CASTLE SQUARE OPERA COMPANY, NEW YORK.

the plays acted, for had he succeeded in that fell purpose, he would never have lived to tell the tale. Here is a sample from one of them, entitled "Gee Swizz, or Philadelphia Poultry Spoiled." The scene is from the third act, where the hero and the villain's fourth wife are playing tiddle-y-winks on the parlor table:

Hero—But you surely don't eat cantaloupe?
Villain's Fourth Wife (in surprise)—Why not?
Hero—Don't it give you cramps?
V. F. W. (Indignant)—Sir!
Hero—Oh, that's all right. (Snaps a tiddle-y-wink in her eye.) Pray excuse me!
V. F. W.—Miserable whiskers you wear! But I'll tell my husband, and he'll kick your necktie out of shape.
Hero—No, don't do that. (Enter Villain.)
Villain—Smearkase!!! (Curtain falls.

It is easily seen that a scene like that would fail to satisfy the cultured taste of a New York audience. Drug Clerk should keep to his soda-water fountain and his tooth-brush counter. He's no playwright.

Other books the authors do not want THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE to review are:

"Potiphar's Wife's Second Husband," by Joseph Colorcoat.
"How to Catch the Measles," by Dr. Twodollar.
"Romance of a Fifth-Floor Flat," by Larry, the Landlord.
"Bulls, Bills, Balls and Bells," by Cornerwheat Lighter.

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He—Do you-er-think you can learn to-er-love me, Miss Elsie?

She—Oh, I suppose so. We can get used to most anything if we try, you know.

ONLY TEMPORARY.

She (after the quarrel)—And must we part forever, Harry?

He—Well, at least until to-morrow night, Maude.

THE BULGE.

Cora—Pauline is smarter than you, my dear. She can accompany the new tenor on the piano.

Perdita—Yes, but I can accompany him on my bicycle.

RELIEF.

"I wish I was a girl," said Bobbie.

"Why do you wish that?" asked his father.

"Oh, then I wouldn't have to bother about thinking what I'll be when I'm a man."

Old Songglesby (sol)—What an ass that young Caddesly is. The fool grins like an ape.

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The Fool—Miss Bessie, I must have your answer. This suspense will give me brain-fever, or something.

The Girl—Brain-fever, Mr. Flanes? You flatter yourself.

COMFORTING.

Miss Scott—Yes, she has been saying all manner of wicked things about me.

Friend—You should not heed her, dear. She merely repeats what other people say.

MOST OF THE TIME.

She—How are you getting on with your cycling?

He (a beginner)—Oh, splendidly; getting on about every two minutes.

THE ONLY DIFFICULTY.

Ted—You are wasting your time, old man. You're courting the wrong girl.

George—No; she's the right girl, all right. I'm afraid the trouble is that I'm the wrong man.

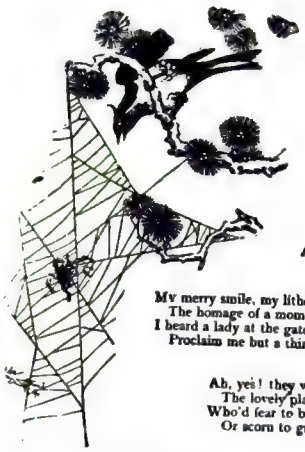
WILLING TO ASSIST.

Bank President—You are well fitted for the position of clerk, but I should prefer a married man.

Applicant—Perhaps I can arrange that. I see you have daughters.

She—Don't you think the first act is rather strong?

He—Strong! It would almost hold the tenor's opinion of himself.



A DANSEUSE.

My merry smile, my lithe young form
The homage of a moment brought
I heard a lady at the gate
Proclaim me but a thing of naught.

Ah, yes! they watch with ravished gaze
The lovely play of limbs and feet,
Who'd fear to breathe the air with me,
Or scorn to greet me in the street?

But think they that their thousand eyes
Alone applaud me night by night?
My body's grace and beauty burn
For God's delight! for God's delight!

ELIZABETH GIBSON.

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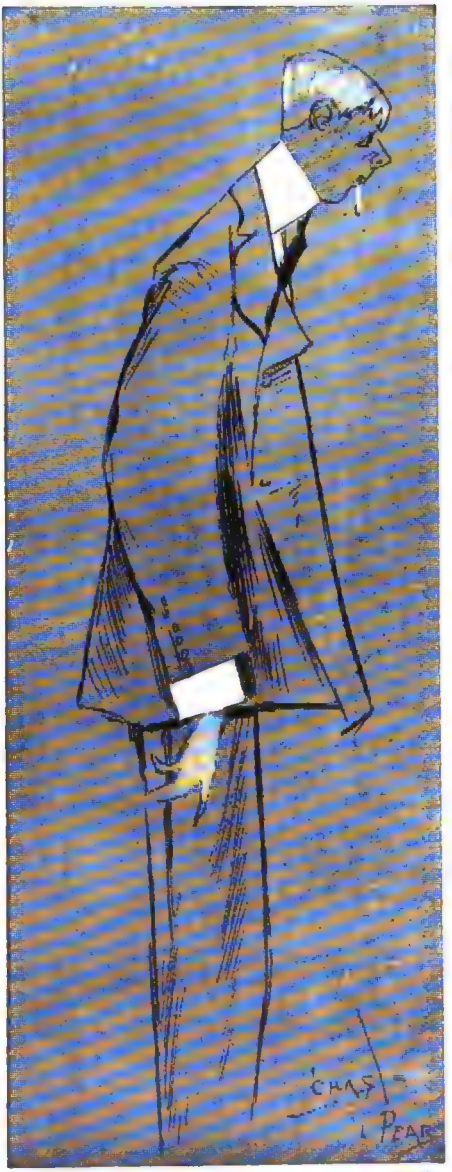

He stayed at home a-during the war,
And his snarling did never cease,
And now he wants to shove in his oar
And laugh at the terms of peace!

UNCONSCIOUS.

Midnight Burglar—Fork out every cent you've got or I'll——

Jawer (half awake)—Look here, Maria, this is coming it too strong. Didn't I give you all I had when I came home?

"How long have you enjoyed the luxury of heeling, Mr. Waddle?"
"Just about twenty minutes. The rest of the time I'm too busy picking myself up."

Photo by See & Epler, N. Y.

CHIEF OF POLICE DEVERY,

Of Greater New York. The man who is watching Conlin.

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Photograph by D[illegible], New York.

ONE OF THE YOUNGER BEAUTIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

Miss Elizabeth Padgette, whose classic features and mother-I-am-dying expression are sure to bring her some measure of success later on. Just at present she isn't half as prominent as she might be. Miss Padgette has beautiful hair.

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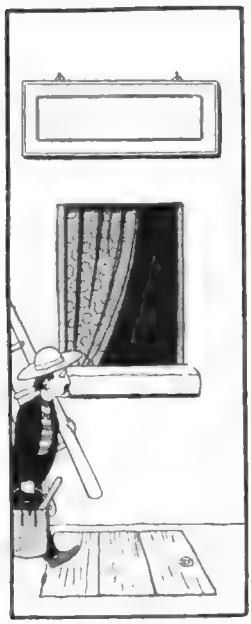
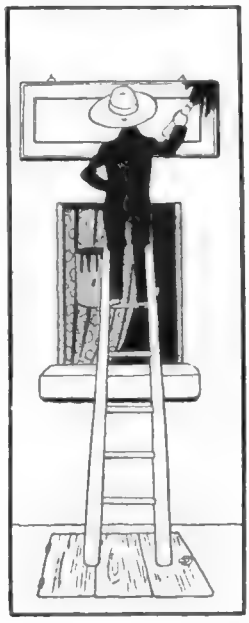
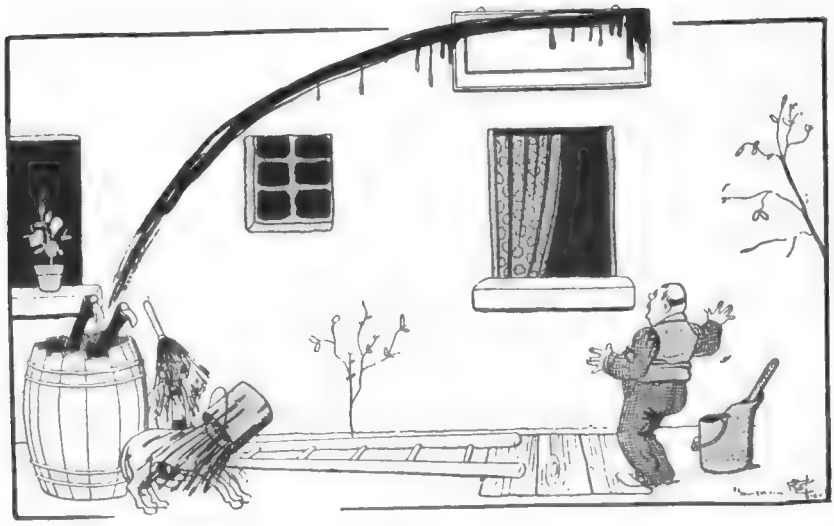


I. Here comes the great artist.



II. He starts in with a bold touch.

III. But the arrival—startling and unexpected—



IV. Of the Janitor introduces a bit of artistic realism seldom seen outside a Chinese laundry.

REALISM TO THE DEATH.

The strange adventures, told pictorially, of De Paynter in the swell Tarrarum Flats, in West Forty-fifth street.

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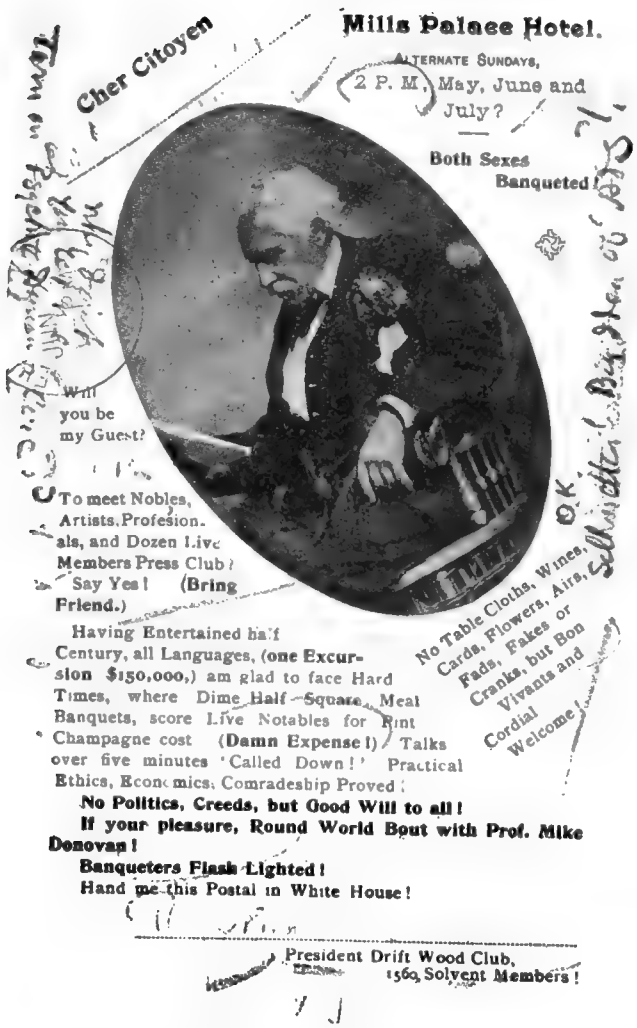
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CITIZEN TRAIN SENDS A POSTAL CARD TO THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

Read carefully and then make up your mind that George Francis Train is a pretty shrewd old gentleman.

FOILED.

"In the configurations on your palm, lady, I can trace your future husband."

"Dear me! Perhaps you can also trace my present one, for I can't!"

USEFUL.

Neighbor No. 1—Does the noise of my children disturb you?

Neighbor No. 2—Oh, I like it.

"Do you, really?"

"Yes, indeed. My wife's relatives are rather nervous people, and they never stay longer than a day or two now."

DRY-GOODS QUOTATION.

"Lace goods have gone up surprisingly."

INTRICACY.

Pupil—What, in your opinion, professor, is the most difficult mathematical problem?

Poor Professor (grimly)—Trying to make both ends meet, my dear sir.

HIS FOOT IN IT.

She—What do you think of my portrait?

He—Sincerely, it is not beautiful—but the likeness is perfect!

LIKED IT.

He—Is this the first time you've ever been in love, darling?

She (thoughtlessly)—Yes; but it's so nice that I hope it won't be the last!

Photo by Schaechts. Boston.

Miss Norma Kopp, who wears tights and sings in The Frank Daniels Company. She does both well.

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Photo by Falk, N. Y.

Marie Burrough, who plays the flirting wife in "The Meddler," Stuart Robson's latest play.

A NEW THEATRE POSTER DESIGN NOW DECORATING THE WALLS OF LONDON.

A HUSTLER.

Drummer—Do you keep Jobson's unshrinkable flannel?

Dry Goods Clerk—No, sir; but we can easily get you some if you want it.

Drummer—Then let me take the order. I travel for the house.

"Confound it! I haven't been shot, had typhoid fever or been starved by the Government. No wonder the girls won't look at me."

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Photograph by Schloss, N. Y

Miss Grey is one of the prettiest bits of femininity that flits before our footlights. She is also one of the few young women who can play ingenue parts and look them at the same time.

As Celia Pryse, in "A Royal Box," Miss Grey is in the right place at the right time. While she does not bring to the part the mature art of Grace Filkins, who played it last season, she makes a picture worth going a good many miles to see on a rainy night. And as for the maturity part of it, Miss Grey can afford to wait. Years will bring it with a rush, and there will come a time when she will be glad to exchange any old thing for the youth she now possesses. However, as she is a long way off from that time, it really isn't worth while worrying about.

Photograph by Schloss, N. Y

KATHERINE GREY, THE NEW CELIA PRYSE IN "A ROYAL BOX."

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A VAIN THING.

School Committeeman (to public school teacher).—We was thinkin' of puttin' up a motto over your desk to encourage the children. How would "Knowledge is Wealth" do?

School Teacher.—That wouldn't do at all. The children know how small my salary is.

HUMOR.

"Do you believe in the good effects of laughter?"

"Of course; if I can get a man to laugh, I can nearly always borrow a dollar from him."

EXTRACT FROM A NOVEL.

"So many reflections were cast that she was beside herself."

HIS PURPOSE—NIT.

Farmer (to young thing).—What are you doing under the tree with that apple?

Bright boy.—I was going to climb up the tree to put back this apple which, I see, has fallen down.

Miss Gotham (cycling in Holland, to herself)—What extraordinary figures these natives do cut! And what astonishment they'd cause in New York!

TOUPEES

HEPNER'S WIGS

GREASE PAINTS AND POWDERS

Broadway Theatre Building NEW YORK

97 Washington Street CHICAGO

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Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

GIRL-SO-PROUD-OF-HER-ANKLES.

She runs around under the load of a name like Simon Gerard. It certainly does sound queer, but it's not our fault. She is known in the Paris studio as "The Girl with the Ankles." They are decidedly pretty, and have been transferred to canvas by more than one French artist.

CAUTIOUS.

Wife—So you've got back! How did you feel in the big city?

Farmer—I felt for my purse most o' th' time.

WHO THEY ARE.

Bobby—Pop, who are the "women of the hour?"

Papa—Those who say they'll be ready in a second, my son.

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Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

MDLLE. VARNIER, OF THE PARIS GYMNASE.

She's a remarkably pretty woman and one of the best liked of the younger set of French actresses.

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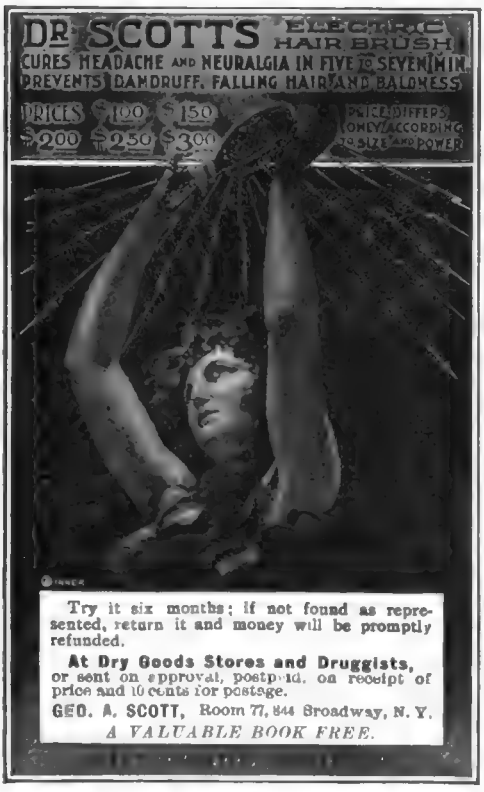
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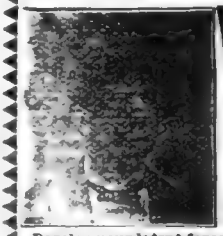

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